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THE TWO CITIES.

EDINBURGH and Glasgow, placed at opposite sides of Scotland, yet within an easy distance of each other, have always maintained a difference of character, as remarkable as the diversity of their history. Glasgow is the older town of the two, if we reckon from the date of the small Roman settlement on the spot; but it was not till the sixth century, when St Mungo planted a religious establishment, that the place was anything more than a rude hamlet. About the time when this pious ecclesiastic founded Glasgow, Edwin, a Northumbrian prince, built his fort or burgh on the rock on which Edinburgh castle now stands, and thus gave a beginning to what afterwards became the capital of Scotland. While Edinburgh, in every stage of its early career, was associated with the history of kings and parliaments, Glasgow, on the other hand, was indebted to the fostering care of bishops: it was for ages the seat of an important see—the archbishopric of Glasgow, whose jurisdiction was extended over the greater part of the south of Scotland. A bishop built its cathedral; a bishop (Joceline, about 1172) gave it burghal privileges; a bishop, under a royal charter, gave its burgesses permission to trade with distant parts of the country; a bishop (William Rae, about 1350) built for it a stone bridge across the Clyde; and a bishop (William Turnbull, in 1452-3) founded its college. During the convulsions in the sixteenth century, all this was of course forgotten, and no town more fervently embraced the principles of the Reformation—though, to do the trades of Glasgow justice, they had the good sense to save their cathedral from the savage attacks of the iconoclasts, who swept the country of all that was valuable in architectural ornament.

In the latter days of the Stuarts, Edinburgh clung to a falling cause, in recollection, possibly, of what the old monarchy had done for it; while Glasgow, always more democratic, hailed the Revolution, and its citizens were among the first to congratulate William of Orange on his auspicious assumption of the sovereign authority. An equestrian statue of William at the Cross of Glasgow, and a similar monument of Charles II. in the Parliament Square of Edinburgh, remain as substantial tokens of this diversity of political opinion. Differing as to the Revolution, both cities agreed in their dislike of the Union with England in 1707. We can understand the disconsolateness of Edinburgh on this occasion, for it lost its importance as a seat of legislation, and its chief aristocracy fled to London; but the rioting in Glasgow, for the purpose of nullifying the articles of confederation, is unaccountable. Little were the people aware of the immense advantages which their city was to derive from the Union. Hitherto confined in their trading operations, the merchants of

Glasgow had now thrown open to them the commerce of the English colonies, in which they were not slow to participate. Awakening to the advantages presented to them, they seized with proper avidity on a share of the lucrative trade with Maryland and Virginia, to which they soon made large exports of native manufactures, bringing home cargoes of tobacco and other articles in return.

From this period—the first quarter of the eighteenth century—Glasgow gradually rose in importance, wealth, and population. One thing after another gave it an impetus—every fresh adaptation of enterprise bringing up, as it were, a new crop of successful speculators, to be the founders of families of wealth. Thus to the early patrician class formed by the tobacco-ocracy—to use a jocular coinage—were afterwards added the cotton-ocracy, the sugarocracy, the machinocracy, and lastly, we believe, the steamboatocracy. While these aristocracies of wealth were coming into existence, the aristocracies of rank in Edinburgh were vanishing from the stage, leaving the town to struggle on with its local trade, its law courts, its university (a creation of James VI.), and such national institutions as had been indugently left it. The Union was a ruinous blow, from which the capital did not recover for fifty years, and even yet the effects are palpably apparent. It recovered, however, so far, that the scheme of a new town, for increased accommodation, was projected in 1767, and has since been executed. Those who have seen the New Town of Edinburgh, built of fine sandstone, and united by bridges with the Old, need not be told of the vast improvement which this has effected in the ancient Scottish capital.

Strange to say, the growing elegance and commodiousness of modern Edinburgh have failed to retain the favour of the aristocracy. The change in this respect is worthy of remark. In the Canongate, a street in the Old Town near Holyroodhouse, there still lived during the early part of the reign of George III., though perhaps not all at one time, two dukes, sixteen earls, two countesses, seven barons, seven lords of session, and thirteen baronets, besides many other persons of distinction. In the present day, all the peerage having houses for residence in Edinburgh may be summed up in two or three names. The Scottish aristocracy now either live continually on their estates—to which there can be no objection—or flee off to London, where competition with a more wealthy body of nobles is too frequently attended with unpleasant consequences. At all events, Edinburgh sees nothing of them, except as birds of passage: it sees even little of their money, for the more valuable articles they require are usually ordered from the English metropolis. No wonder that London has overgrown itself, pampered with the wealth—we might almost say the plunder—of three kingdoms, for

the capitals of two have been sacrificed to its aggrandisement.

Deserted by the court and higher classes generally, Edinburgh has, nevertheless, been able to maintain some of the essential appearances of a capital, and to keep progress with the steadily-improving condition of the country. Defrauded as it is through the operation of the centralising principle, there can be no doubt that its resources at the present moment are incalculably greater than they were at the Union, and much greater than they were seventy years ago, when a considerable number of men of rank still lingered within its precincts. The banking establishments and insurance offices alone are a marvel to those who know what extraordinary exertions were made by the whole kingdom to get together £100,000, as the capital stock of the Bank of Scotland in 1696. As a centre of operations connected with money and landed property, the town has long exerted an influence which extends to the remotest provinces; as a centre of law and education, it has been still more unrivalled in its attractiveness; and as a centre of ecclesiastical functions, on which much of the Scotch mind is expended, its doings furnish a subject of talk from the Borders to the Northern Ocean. All these things together, along with its traditionally fashionable character, have contributed to render it an agreeable place of residence for persons of unostentatious desires, with little to do, or who take delight in enlightened and refined society. Besides a considerable number of families of property, the bulk of the more elevated portion of the population are lawyers practising in the Supreme Court, the bar of which, as is well known, has furnished Westminster with a few of its most brilliant ornaments. The Scottish law bodies—advocates and practitioners of every class—are noted for their highly honourable character, as well as for a certain acumen, arising perhaps in some degree from national peculiarities, but also from a course of practice which involves both law and equity. What with these various bodies, professors connected with the university, and a few persons who confine themselves more expressly to literature, society in Edinburgh may be said to possess attractions not equalled out of the Metropolis. To be sure there is not a little effort in many cases to maintain appearances on comparatively slender means; but it may be doubted whether meagreness of fortune, with self-respect, is more fairly liable to derision, than the devotion of wealth to mere purposes of vulgar extravagance.

From the nature of its society, its libraries, its tranquillity, and the absence of manufactures, Edinburgh offers a favourable field for the cultivation of literature and the business of publishing; yet such are the absorbing attractions of London, that the dispositions of the Scottish capital in this respect have continually to battle with a rival, against which it is no easy matter to make head. Commencing only about seventy years ago with the works of Hume, Blair, Robertson, Mackenzie, and other luminaries, the literature of Edinburgh reached a culminating point in the productions of Jeffrey and Scott, and in the encouragement offered by two publishers—Constable and Blackwood—both men of tact and enterprise. From the possession of only a few hand-presses towards the end of last century, the business of printing has increased so greatly, that with the kindred arts of engraving and lithographing, it has become the leading occupation in the town. Compared with the feeble efforts of not many years back, the preparation of literature may be said to be now a staple business, for it engages nearly a dozen large establishments, each having from two or three to ten printing machines moved by steam power, and the whole pouring out a quantity of books, pamphlets, and periodicals second in amount only to that of the Metropolis. Latterly, while the mechanical means of production have been improving, the literary power, it is to be feared, has been diminishing in energy. It certainly argues little for northern enterprise that the 'Edinburgh Review' should have

become the property of a London house, and should be now edited and printed in England; and also that Edinburgh should be as unable to retain its best writers, as it is to keep its medical practitioners and artists from finding their way across the Border. It is a curious fact, with which we are intimately conversant, that a considerable portion of the literary material which Edinburgh fashions into shape, and renders acceptable in its periodicals, is drawn from distant parts of the United Kingdom; comparatively little is contributed by the rest of Scotland—scarcely anything by Scottish women—excessive absorption of mind in church matters being apparently fatal to the lighter graces of literature.

Perhaps better things are in reserve. Already there is an appearance of relaxation in Scotland from the pursuit of material interests and the hardening influence of sectarian polemics. Of late years, a taste for the fine arts has made a most gratifying progress. It is no longer considered sinful to manifest a love for pictures; nor is it of the nature of heresy to build a church in a style superior to a barn. Within the memory of middle-aged persons, there were only two or three portrait-painters in Edinburgh; and public exhibitions of works of art were unknown. There was, however, an excellent school for drawing, supported by funds belonging to the country at the Union. This academy was the beginning of the fine arts in Scotland; it educated Wilkie, Allan, and all the great artists. Latterly, the profession, greatly increased in numbers and importance, have become an incorporated body, under the title of the Royal Scottish Academy. Its leading members—Gordon, Harvey, Hill, Macculloch, Steele, Duncan, and others—have acquired a widely-extended reputation. Of their annual exhibitions, so well known, it is unnecessary to say anything, further than that they have helped to raise the tone of feeling in Edinburgh, and elevate its character as a capital. The scheme of a national gallery for the reception and permanent exhibition of pictures from the best masters, is at present in the way of being matured—of course from local resources. We should like to see added to this a national museum, the repository of all that is interesting in the mineralogy and natural history of Scotland, as well as of works of foreign and ancient art. It is not easy, however, from the numerous demands on benevolence and public spirit, to see how such an institution could be realised, and we fear it is hopeless to look for a share of those grants which are voted from the public purse to support the National Gallery and British Museum. At the same time, the English people are too generous not to allow that the present practice in this respect is neither just nor creditable; and that the Scotch, bearing their equitable share of taxation, are entitled to a proportional share of annual subsidies for the improvement of taste and encouragement of the arts.

We now return to Glasgow, which, within the last thirty years, has completely outstripped Edinburgh in point of wealth and population. The rapid and steady increase of this city is indeed one of the most remarkable things in modern British history. At the Union, its population was no more than 12,766; in 1790, it was little above 50,000; it is now upwards of 300,000; and this increase is imputable exclusively to the industry and enterprise of its inhabitants. The active-minded from all parts of Scotland are attracted towards its factories and counting-houses; and in comparison with the continued bustle of its streets, Edinburgh looks almost like a desert. From the total difference of character in the two cities, anything like rivalry, as may be supposed, is out of the question. Little more than forty miles apart, and now united by two railways, a continual stream of intercourse is kept up between them, greatly to their mutual satisfaction and benefit.

Destitute of the picturesque, from the nature of its situation, Glasgow is as well built as Edinburgh, its

houses of all kinds being also formed of a durable sandstone, which imparts an air of substantiality and elegance. Unfortunately, the vast clouds of smoke which issue from numerous factory chimneys give a dinginess to the atmosphere, and detract considerably from the general appearance of the town. Glasgow has its full share of the social incongruities for which the present age is remarkable—vast fortunes and luxurious houses in one district, masses of poverty and misery in another. Perhaps in no city in the world are the observances of religion respected by a larger proportion of the population, or practised with more unequivocal earnestness, than in Glasgow; in this respect, it presents the national character of past ages much more faithfully than Edinburgh. At the same time, philanthropic inquirers have to deplore in Glasgow an astounding amount of what may well be called opposite influences. It was found a few years ago that there were as many as 1393 licenses to sell spirits given out in this city, being one for every fourteen families! This may be of course regarded as the exponent of a vast amount of sensual and vicious indulgence, as affecting certain classes of the population. It represents the misfortunes of the multitude, and, partly, the lack of legitimate and ostensible means of amusement for the great body of young men necessarily amassed in such seats of industry. Great efforts have been made of late years to correct the evil—we must hope that they have been in part effectual. Among recent movements is the establishment of an Athenæum, after the model of the Manchester institution of that name, offering a reading-room, and a lecture-room, or books for perusal at home, as alternatives from the club-room and the idle saunter of the streets. Prejudice usually obstructs such institutions at first, but, by perseverance, their good tendency becomes manifest. Their opponents would do well to think of them, not altogether as what they positively are, but with some regard to the gross evils for which they stand as a substitute.

What has been done to render the Clyde navigable, is perhaps the most curious thing about Glasgow. In this matter an unconquerable perseverance has been displayed. By means of dredging, digging, hemming in the tide and river way, building quays, &c. ships now reach Glasgow which formerly had to unload twenty miles nearer the sea. That which was not long ago a tranquil scene of green grass and rural imagery, is now a busy mart of shipping. There has latterly, it appears, been some carping as to what has been done, and also what has been left undone in this respect; but we agree with a Glasgow newspaper (the 'Citizen') in its reply to all such fault-finding: 'In dispassionately reviewing the management of the river Clyde and harbour of Glasgow for the past seventy or eighty years, we confess that any inclination to find fault is immediately dispelled by the pleasure and pride with which we contemplate the magnificence of the results. We have increased the tidal rise at Glasgow from eighteen inches to about eight feet. Eighteen miles of river have been rendered navigable for vessels drawing twenty feet, where formerly those drawing three feet three inches only could pass. Where formerly there were only a few fishing smacks, we have now vessels of the largest class, trading directly with all the nations of the earth. We have raised the tonnage and other revenue from £147 (seventy years ago) to £65,000. Instead of £460 (in 1800), we now return to the government a customs revenue of £659,834. All this has arisen from local management of our river and harbour; and we must add, that it is for the most part owing to the exertions and enterprise of the River Clyde Trustees, that in a small and mountainous country, with a scattered population of two and a half millions, with an unkind climate and ungenial soil, a city has been reared, the ratio of whose increase in wealth and population no city in the old world can parallel, and which is only equalled by the largest *entrepôt* of the United States—the city of New York—in the new.'

In one thing the histories of Edinburgh and Glasgow agree—each has been left to its own resources by government. What has been done has been self-creative. The Union has been doubtless beneficial to Scotland, if it were from nothing more than the internal tranquillity which it secured; but it is worthy of grave inquiry, whether superior advantages might not have been achieved by a federal instead of a legislative union? The belief is daily gaining ground that a federal compact would have been preferable; because, while it insured the same cordial intimacy and reciprocity of privilege as now subsists between England and Scotland, it would have allowed the Scotch to manage their own affairs, which, it is judged, would have been somewhat more pleasant and satisfactory than being obliged to transfer the work to a city four hundred miles off, there to be cared for by parties who, to all appearance, are burdened with six times more business than they can properly get through. Stupid as this arrangement is now felt to have been, as if to make matters worse, it has been the inexplicable policy of the last twenty years to abstract institutions from Scotland, and carry them to Westminster, where they are intermingled with the local affairs of England. Against this provincialising of Scotland we make a deliberate protest; not so much from its injury to Edinburgh, as the indignity and injustice of the whole proceeding with respect to the nation. We must put English functionaries right as respects the relative position of Scotland. It is not a province of England, but a kingdom which, by treaty, is insured a certain distinct and independent character. As nothing, as far as we are aware, has occurred to render the articles of Union waste paper, it ought not to be robbed piecemeal of every board for conducting its affairs, nor be unnecessarily exposed to the intrusion of freshly-created imperial institutions. There is the more need for speaking emphatically on this subject, that while we now write, a scheme, it seems, is on foot for transferring the whole management of the harbour and river of Glasgow to a board of some kind in Whitehall. The honest Glaswegians may well be surprised at the fancy of relieving them of a duty which they feel themselves competent to undertake, and by their performance of which fifteen thousand vessels are enabled to reach the Broomielaw annually. Against this centralising project we hope an earnest remonstrance will be made. The Clyde, surely, can be better looked after on its own banks than on the banks of the Thames.

W. C.

CURIOUS HISTORY OF A SAILOR.

Among the group known as the Caribbean Islands, there is a little spot—in a great atlas, scarcely so large as a pin's head, and in reality a mere dot in the waters which sweep around it—called Sombbrero, a naked, desolate, barren, miserable lump of rock, the resort of the sea-gull, the occasional playground of the turtle, and the scuff of the great billows of the Atlantic, which hurl their unwieldy bodies against it, as if it would take a very little to induce them to swallow it up altogether. However, the little island, with its territory embraced by a periphery of a mile and a half, has long kept up a gallant resistance, taking in obdurate sullenness the attack of the waves, which appear to be for ever gnashing their white teeth against its rugged sides. Sombbrero offers a striking exception to the character of the surrounding islands: it possesses no alluvial soil, no refreshing rivers, or brooks, or springs, no verdant vegetation; nothing, in short, to invite or to favour the residence of man, or to excite anything beyond the incidental notice of the passing vessel. His Majesty's sloop of war, the *Recruit*, on the 13th December 1807, was standing towards this unpromising spot, on which the first act in our drama opens. It was Sunday afternoon, and as the day closed

in, the island lifted its head, lonely and melancholy-looking at all times, in dusky obscurity above the waves, and looked out upon the ocean, if possible, even in gloomier solitude than ever. The Recruit was now about a mile and a half off shore, when, between five and six o'clock in the evening, Captain L.—, her commander, came on deck, having just risen from dinner, with a face flushed with wine, and a quick impatience of gesture which portended evil to some one on board. Giving a rapid glance at the dim mass of rock now so near, he hastily summoned the master, and asked, 'What island is this?'

'Sombbrero,' was the reply.

'Have we not some thieves on board?'

'Yes, sir, there are two,' answered the master, somewhat startled.

'Send up my pistols,' said the captain.

The pistols were accordingly brought up, and after undergoing a careful examination as to their condition for service, were ostentatiously laid on the capstan.

'Now send the ship painter here with a strip of black tarpaulin, and his paint and brushes.'

The master hurried down to execute this strange order, while the crew forward were gathered into little knots, each inquiring of the other what all this could mean. Presently the painter appeared with his tools and the piece of canvas in his hand.

'Take your brush and paint the word "THIEF" on that piece of canvas; paint it in large letters!' exclaimed the captain.

With a hand not altogether the steadiest, and, under the fierce eye of the commander, not improving in steadiness, the man proceeded to his task. The five letters of shame soon, however, glared from the canvas; and although not exactly conspicuous for perpendicular and rectangular accuracy of outline, they were plain enough for the purpose; and after completing his work, the man gladly received permission to go below.

'Now send Robert Jeffery up here; lower the ship's boat, and let her crew get ready to take her off to the shore yonder,' shouted the captain, who had already worked himself up into a towering passion.

Robert Jeffery, a lad of eighteen, soon came on deck, little dreaming of the terrible sentence he was about to receive. He was dressed in a blue jacket and trousers, and he held his hat in his hand, but he had neither shoes nor stockings. Giving a significant glance at his pistols, the captain said to him—'Jeffery, do you see that island? I am going to land you on it.'

The poor fellow looked astonished, but dared not offer any remonstrance; and was effectually prevented from resisting the cruel order, by being immediately hurried over the side of the ship, and seated in the boat's stern, with the lieutenant and the boat's crew. He was allowed no time to collect his clothes. 'Never mind his things,' thundered the captain to one of the men who was endeavouring hastily to gather together a few necessary articles for the lad. He was cast out of the ship without provisions, without shoes, without a covering beyond the clothes he wore; and in this destitute condition he was rapidly rowed ashore, half-stupefied at the suddenness and severity of his fate. Upon his back was sewn the strip of canvas which published his crime. The lad was naturally of a weak, nervous, retiring temperament, and had always been somewhat of a skulker on board. His feelings now overwhelmed him, and he continued crying bitterly until the boat reached the shore. As they drew nearer the island, the rocks assumed a more definite form, and a little way inland were several which bore all the appearance of cottages. On landing, the lieutenant and the boat's crew accompanied the lad ashore, and proceeded some little way into the island, to see whether or not it was entirely desert, or whether the masses which, in the duskiness of a rapidly-approaching night looked like human habitations, were really so. As they scrambled up the sharp rocks, poor Jeffery's unprotected feet were cruelly cut, and bled profusely. One

of the crew seeing this, humanely plucked off his own shoes, and gave them to the lad; another gave him a knife; and a third a pocket-handkerchief, which he might use as a signal. As they proceeded to the house-like rocks, it was mentioned that the French fishermen occasionally resorted thither to catch turtle; so that Jeffery's hopes were sustained with the prospect of shortly getting shelter and food. On arriving at the rocks, how bitterly were these hopes disappointed! It was now quite dark, and became therefore necessary that the crew should immediately return to the ship. Leaving Jeffery on the desolate rocks, after bidding him a hasty farewell, they got into the boat, and were soon at the ship's side. The boat was hauled up, and the Recruit made all sail from the spot where she had left one of her men to perish. This transaction took place at a little past six in the evening. The captain shortly afterwards went down to his cabin; and poor Jeffery 'embraced the rock for shelter.' As the wind came in fitful breaths upon the ship, mingled with the murmur of the surf, the crew of the Recruit more than once fancied that they heard the lamentations and cries of their unhappy mate. Soon after the wind died away altogether, and nothing was heard beyond the idle splash of the waters against the ship's side, and the far off and incessant sounds of the conflict between the waves of the Atlantic and the rocks of Sombbrero. The night passed away: at six the following morning, the ship was still in sight of the spot; and many were the conjectures of her crew as to the probable fate of Jeffery. He could not be discerned by them from the deck. Between eight and nine the captain made his appearance; and the officer of the watch, in the hope of inducing him to send off a boat for Jeffery, reported that Sombbrero was still in sight. But he was inexorable. Strong fears were now entertained that if the lad did not perish from hunger and thirst, he would fall a victim to the wild birds, which were both large and numerous there. None of these things, however, moved him; and having ordered all sail to be made, the Recruit, under the impulse of a brisk wind, bore off rapidly to the northward.

Leaving Jeffery to his fate, let us follow the ship. Directing her course to Barbadoes, she there joined the admiral's squadron. But the hard-hearted act of her captain being whispered about, it at length came to the admiral's ears, and he, after severely reprimanding him for his cruelty, commanded him immediately to return and look for the man. Two months had passed since he was set on shore, when the Recruit again hove in sight of this melancholy island; and now, under the sting of an avenging conscience, and the terrors of a prospective court-martial, the commander hastily despatched a boat to the shore, with the same commanding officer and men who had landed his victim, giving them urgent directions to leave no corner unsearched. On landing, they disturbed a vast flock of the birds called 'noddies,' and found near the shore a multitude of nests full of their eggs, and of young birds recently fledged, which hopped about in all directions. At this visit it was broad daylight, and now they saw to what a dreadful tomb their captain had consigned Jeffery two months previously. They searched in vain for a drop of fresh water. There were many sparkling pools as clear as crystal; but every one, without exception, was salt, and consequently undrinkable. The island had a craggy, sharp ascent; but on its summit was perfectly flat, naked, and barren, unless a little withered grass, rough and wire-like, can be called a production, and a thin coat of sand and a little detritus a covering. After a long search, nothing was discovered of Jeffery. But a rude tomahawk handle was picked up by one of the men, and to their dismay a tattered pair of trousers by another. Again and again they explored the rocks, dividing, and uniting, and searching every hole and corner; but they found nothing more. They at length returned, and reported the fruitless result of their expedition to their anxious captain; and the news rapidly

spread among the men, who, on hearing of the tomahawk handle and the trousers, were unanimous in the conviction that Jeffery had perished, and probably by a violent death. The boat was again ordered on shore, and this time the captain himself went in her: every cranny in the island was again searched, but with the same result. There was no heap of bleaching bones to indicate his death by the attacks of the birds; but the handle and the torn garment seemed to quench all hopes of his existence. What had become of him? was the universal inquiry; and a profession of utter ignorance, and of the inability even to conjecture, was the universal answer.

The Recruit again quitted Sombbrero for Barbadoes. Captain L— appeared before the admiral, and expressing a conviction, which his anxiety and fears belied, that the lad was safe, and must have been picked up by some passing vessel, the admiral was satisfied, and with a culpable willingness to forgive, suffered the matter to rest: and it rested, strange to say, for two years; but it was again to be put into agitation. A person having experienced, as he conceived, some injustice at the hands of the admiral, and being in full possession of all the particulars of the cruelty he had so lightly passed over, determined to bring it to the light. He addressed a letter to a member of parliament, the representative of his native city, and strongly insisted upon the propriety of calling a court-martial upon the captain, in order to bring the question to an issue. This appeal was sufficiently powerful to set in motion the whole official machinery. A court of inquiry was summoned, and sufficient grounds were procured for the appointment of a court-martial. This step was accordingly taken; many witnesses of the deed were examined, whose testimony proved the fact beyond the possibility of doubt; and the particulars were given with a clearness which, considering the lapse of time since the event, was remarkable, but was easily to be accounted for by the deep impression such an occurrence was likely to have made on the minds of the men. In the defence, no attempt was made to deny the fact; but it was pleaded that the lad Jeffery was of infamous character, and had proved incorrigible while on board. Nothing worse, however, than theft was brought home to the poor lad; and it remains to be seen that even this was of a character so peculiar, as in some degree to diminish its guilt. The court did not hesitate an instant in its sentence: its verdict was perfectly unanimous, and it condemned the captain to be immediately dismissed his majesty's service; and he was dismissed accordingly.

Whoever will turn to the 'Times' newspaper for February 13, 1810, will find under the head 'Court-martial' a few particulars of this singular case; and on looking over Cobbett's 'Weekly Register' about the same period, it will be seen that the public excitement on the subject was extreme. The verdict against Captain L— received the entire approbation of the country. So far an act of justice was signally rendered; but where was the victim in the meanwhile? Was he dead or alive? Had he been killed, or killed himself, or been devoured, or starved, or drowned, or rescued? Upon a motion by a popular leader in the House of Commons, further inquiries about his fate were immediately set on foot. Official instructions were forwarded to our plenipotentiary in the United States; for the report went that an American ship had rescued him. The proper steps were taken, and the result was as follows:—At a town of the name of Marblehead, near Boston, in Massachusetts, the lost Robert Jeffery was said to have been discovered. He was immediately taken before a magistrate, and being interrogated, gave the following account of himself: He stated that he was twenty-one years of age; was born in Polperro, a village in Cornwall; had been seized by a pressgang when he was eighteen, which carried him on board the Recruit; and having been brought up to the trade of a blacksmith, he was made armourer's mate on board of

her. She soon afterwards sailed for the West Indies: after a while, her stock of water ran low; the crew were allowed to a certain quantity daily; and he becoming very thirsty, went one Saturday evening to the beer cask, and drew off about two quarts of spruce beer into a bucket, drinking about three-fourths of that quantity, and leaving the remainder. On the captain discovering his theft, he was ordered to be placed on the black list. The Sunday following he was landed, by the captain's orders, on Sombbrero. He found it to be a desolate island, without any inhabitant, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks. At length he was rescued by an American vessel, and landed at a port in the state of Massachusetts. This declaration was signed with a cross. It was transmitted to England, and appeared at once in all the newspapers.

This, it may be thought, was the end of the matter. But far otherwise. Robert Jeffery had a mother 'yet alive.' She had perused with the utmost anxiety the declaration thus officially set forth, and she immediately addressed a letter to the public journals, which rekindled all the previous uncertainty. Therein she solemnly declares her conviction that the declaration thus made was, if not wholly a fabrication, at anyrate not made by her own son, but by some one who had been suborned to personate her unfortunate child. The most remarkable circumstance in confirmation of this opinion was the fact, that the papers signed Robert Jeffery were marked with a cross, as is usual with persons who cannot write their name; whereas it was avowed that Jeffery was a good scholar, and it was unlikely that he should pretend ignorance of the art of writing. The anxious mother further added, that it was of the utmost importance to her to know of the real existence of her son, in consequence of the lease of her premises being held on the dropping of three lives, of which her son's was one, otherwise it would fall into the power of the lord of the manor. Some of the journals espoused her cause, but others affected to doubt that this letter was in reality written by her. The question was soon set at rest. A gentleman went down to her native village, found her out, and was assured from her own lips that she was the author of the letter. The village schoolmaster also bore his testimony to the fact of Jeffery being able to write a fair hand. The intelligence also came out that, when put on shore at Sombbrero, he begged some of the men who were his fellow-townsmen on no account to tell his mother what had happened to him; thus indicating a regard for her feelings which, it was urged, would surely, if he were yet alive and well, have long since induced him to write, and assure her of his safety. Public interest was now at fever heat. Mr Cobbett fanned the flame; and with his homely, common-sense questions, kept poking the ribs of the government in a most uncomfortable manner, while he stirred up an immense blaze among the people by asking, 'Is this the treatment our "jolly tars" are to expect?'—a question which, considering the popularity of the navy, greatly added to the ferment.

Matters now assumed a very serious aspect. The public appeared determined to bring by any means the whole subject to an issue, and to obtain information as to whether the lad was really dead, or was yet living. Those in authority found that it was high time to take some decisive step to decide the question; and in a short time a ship, under the command of a captain in the navy, was on her way to Boston with the necessary documents, to find out the young man, and, if living, to bring him home. This proved the climax in Jeffery's history. Some little time elapsed before the result of the mission could be known; during which, however, the interest in the young man's fate by no means diminished. And if the attention of the public had been commanded by the peculiarities of the case, how are we to describe the alternations of hope and fear which agitated a mother's anxious heart? At length

the vessel returned, to put a final end to suspense as to the man's destiny. The notice of her arrival was accompanied by the following announcement in the 'Morning Post' newspaper:—

'Jeffery, the seaman, was this day discharged from the navy, by order of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. He was immediately brought on shore, and set off for London!'

Thus was this long-pending and much-agitated question finally settled by the appearance of the young man himself. A thousand inquiries were now of course put to him about his adventures; to most of which the following narrative was the answer:—

At first he was altogether unable to believe that it was intended to abandon him in that destitute condition, upon an island, which the men who brought him there knew to be uninhabited and unproductive. He thought it probable he was merely left there for the night to frighten him, yet he could not help fearing the worst, from the stern character of his captain. How anxiously he watched for the morning! how wearily that wretched night passed away without shelter, and without a second covering for his frame! The morning came, and all his hopes were confirmed on beholding the Recruit only a few miles off the shore. He sat watching her from the gray dawn until it was bright daylight; every moment he expected to see the same boat which had torn him from her, return on the welcome errand to convey him back again. Vain hope! He saw her white sails unfurling and filling out with wind, and perceived that the distance between her and the island was rapidly increasing; and then, as she became a speck on the mighty waters, then only did he give himself up to overwhelming despair, as the awful reality of his fate came home to his mind. She vanished in the horizon, and he saw her no more. For two whole days he suffered dreadfully from thirst, and deeply, though less distressingly, from the cravings of hunger. To allay the fever which consumed him, he drank a considerable quantity of salt water, which, however, only rendered his sufferings more intense. Death was now before him, when most providentially a refreshing shower of rain fell, and the quantity which remained in the crevices of the rocks supplied him so long as he remained on the island. But he was at some difficulty in drinking it; for it lay in such shallow pools, or in such narrow fissures, that it was at first perplexing how to avail himself of the precious gift. The idea at length entered his mind of sucking it out with a quill; and as the island abounded in birds, he was at no loss to find one suitable for his purpose. Inserting one end of this into the crevices, he was able to suck sufficient to quench his thirst, feeling inexpressibly grateful for this most opportune blessing. But nature now renewed her other calls upon him, and was imperative in her demands for food. How to supply this want he knew not, nor could he think of any means of doing so. He saw a great number of birds of the gull kind, rather larger than a goose, and attempted to catch some, but in vain. He then hunted for their eggs, but he could only find one, which had probably lain there for months, for it was in such an offensively putrid state, that, fainting as he was from inanition, he could not touch it. The only food he had, if it could be called food, was some bark, which he was so fortunate as to find cast upon the seashore. At length, greatly to his joy, he saw a vessel in the distance. With an exulting heart he watched her emerge, sail after sail, from the blue horizon. When her hull rose above the line, he was half wild with delight; and plucking forth his handkerchief, he waved it incessantly, every minute expecting some signal to indicate that he had been perceived. The great ship, with her load of wealth and life, took no heed of the poor outcast, and 'passed by on the other side,' at a distance too great for him to be discerned by those on board. Another and another ship hove in sight, and passed away, leaving him to his tears, and hunger, and despair. Altogether, five vessels were descried by him,

each leaving him more cast down and nearer death than before. He had now despaired of rescue; and fainting through hunger, he sank down upon the shore. But relief was at hand. An American vessel, passing nearer the island than usual, was hove to at the command of the captain, in order that he might examine the birds which were flying in great numbers around it. On landing, the men discovered our perishing seaman, carried him in all haste to the boat, conveyed him on board, and by kind and judicious treatment, speedily restored him to perfect health. He was thus delivered from his imminently perilous situation, conveyed to Marblehead, where his story excited at once the indignation and active compassion of the people, who soon supplied him with clothes, work, and wages. There he had peaceably spent this interval of time; and while England was ringing with his name, he was pursuing his humble occupation, wholly ignorant of the tumult his case was exciting at home.

Immediately on his arrival in London, Robert Jeffery became one of the metropolitan lions, and was for some time visited by crowds of persons, much to his pecuniary advantage. This publicity stimulated Captain L— to come to an arrangement, by which Jeffery should be compensated for all his wrongs, and a handsome sum was accordingly paid him, on condition of removing to his native village.

After the manner of a real romance, we must bear our hero company to the last. Accompanied by an attorney's clerk, to whom he was intrusted, he set out for home. On the road from Plymouth they met Jeffery's father-in-law, for his mother had been twice married: he immediately recognised with joy his long-lost relative; and he ran forwards to apprise his anxious mother of the speedy arrival of her son. The news flew like lightning through the village—Robert Jeffery was coming home safe and well! Before the young man reached the place, the sound of the village bells was borne to his ears, and quite overcame him. The inhabitants, old and young, turned out to meet him, and were prepared to receive him; and, says the 'Times,' in its sober account of this romantic business, 'it is scarcely possible to express the cordial greetings and exulting transports that attended his arrival.' The whole village was for the time in a commotion which it had rarely or never experienced. People who, when Jeffery was a humble workman in his father's shop, never cared a jot about him, and little dreamt of the noise he would one day make without intending it, now pressed forward and warmly shook him by the hand, congratulating him on his safe arrival in hearty expressions of welcome. After the tumult of joy had a little subsided, they began to look upon the clerk with suspicion, and to exhibit alarming symptoms of hostility against that gentleman; but Jeffery immediately assured them that he was one of his friends, and had taken so long a journey only for the purpose of protecting him. This produced a speedy revolution in the sentiments of the villagers, and their angry looks and expressions were at once exchanged for those of respect and kindness. The meeting between Jeffery and his mother was particularly interesting. At first she gazed upon him with a kind of bewildered anxiety, as if doubtful whether she could trust what she saw. Her son that was dead was alive again, 'he that was lost was found.' In a few moments she recovered herself, and they rushed into each other's arms. 'Oh, my son!'—'Oh, my mother!' interrupted by sobs on both sides, were all that they could utter for some time. At length the agitation of their feelings subsided, and a scene of calmer endearment ensued. Nothing but the safe arrival of the wonderful Jeffery engrossed the attention, minds, and tongues of the warm-hearted villagers.

In concluding this curious history, we wish we could authoritatively explain what may seem to require clearing up. We have heard that the tomahawk handle turned out to be part of a fisherman's hatchet; and it

was surmised that the tattered trousers never belonged to Jeffery at all. Perhaps the signing with a mark was the effect of momentary caprice. Beyond this, after a diligent search, we are unable to discover any explanation of the circumstances which, for the time being, produced so much perplexity. If this had been a fiction, it would have been easy to have invented a key to the lock: as it is, we leave it to our readers, with the simple assurance that the narrative, in all its particulars, is exactly as it is to be found in the newspapers of the period.

THE BLOWPIPE.

THE blowpipe, in its simplest form, is a small metal tube eight or nine inches in length, gradually tapering from one extremity to the other, so as to terminate in a very fine orifice, and bent round at right angles about an inch from the smaller end. If we place the point of this little instrument in the flame of a lamp or common candle, and blow gently through the other opening, we are enabled to produce a flame capable of raising the temperature of any small object exposed to it to a degree of heat more intense than that of a furnace.

The introduction of the blowpipe into the arts dates probably from a very distant period, having been employed, as it still is, by jewellers and workers in metal for the purposes of soldering; in which light it may be regarded as a convenient substitute for the furnace-bellows. The happy idea of extending its use into the investigations of chemistry, is believed to have originated about a century ago in Andrew or Antony Von Swab, a Swedish metallurgist and councillor of mines, who, according to the statement of Bergman, applied it to the examination of metallic ores and furnace products in the year 1738. The first person, however, from whom was derived any knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe, and of the effects produced by it, was Axel Frederick Von Cronstedt, also a Swede, connected with the mines of his country, and well known as the author of the first system of mineralogy based upon chemical principles.—‘A man,’ in the words of Berzelius, ‘whose genius so far outstripped the age in which he lived, as to be unintelligible to his contemporaries.’ His system of mineralogy was published in 1758; and his quick and original mind perceived, at an early period of his researches, the combined power and utility of this little instrument in the hands of the chemist. He improved it, and applied it successfully to the investigations of minerals, making use of certain reagents or fluxes for that purpose, which are still retained, being pre-eminently superior to any that have been subsequently tried.

The illustrious Bergman contributed still further to the popularity of the blowpipe, by a treatise on the subject, which he sent to Baron Von der Born in 1777, who published it two years after, in the Latin language, at Vienna. In the compilation of this work, Bergman, on account of his ill health, was chiefly assisted by John Gottlieb Gahn, likewise a Swede by birth and immediate parentage, but of British extraction, who performed nearly all the experiments detailed in it; and who subsequently, by his laborious investigations and numerous inventions and improvements, attained in the use of this instrument to a surprising degree of efficiency, and far surpassed all who had preceded him. He is stated to have carried his blowpipe always with him, even on his shortest journeys, and to have submitted to its action every new or unknown substance that fell into his hands. During the last few years of Gahn's life, Berzelius—

now the most celebrated of living chemists*—undertook, at his request, an extended series of experiments, which the old man, still ardent in the pursuit of science, was to have controlled, blowpipe in hand; but this intention was put a stop to by his lamented death, which took place on the 8th of December 1818, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. Berzelius afterwards carried on his investigations, adding greatly, by various discoveries and new methods of research, to the utility of the instrument; and in 1820, he published at Stockholm a complete treatise on the use of the blowpipe in chemistry and mineralogy, which became at once a standard work, and was immediately translated into most of the European languages. This work has since that time passed through several editions, and may be said to have formed the basis of all that has been subsequently written on the subject. Amongst the chemists of our own country whose researches have tended to advance our knowledge of blowpipe analysis, may be mentioned the names of Dr Wollaston and the late Smithson Tennant. A very useful work, which has already entered a second edition, and been translated into the French and English languages, has also been published within the last ten years by a German chemist, Carl F. Plattner, assay master at the Royal Freyberg Smelting Works.

Having thus traced the history of the blowpipe through the principal points of its progress, we shall briefly explain the method of employing it in the investigation of unknown bodies; and the means—simple and easy of execution, and certain in their results—by which the presence or absence of the common metals, and other elementary substances of ordinary occurrence, may be at once detected in any compound presented to us. The utility of this knowledge no one can attempt to gainsay; and as a good and efficient blowpipe may be purchased, in an improved form, for a single shilling, and packed with all its necessary apparatus and reagents in a little case, which can be carried in the pocket, or placed without inconvenience in a corner of the traveller's portmanteau, it may be employed by those to whom otherwise the domain of chemistry would be a forbidden land. We would especially call the attention of all about to emigrate to, or dwelling in, the more distant colonies, to the use of this admirable little instrument; for, to such, opportunities may not be wanting for the discovery of metallic ores, or other natural productions, which, resembling, to the unpractised eye, merely so much earthy or stony matter, may be found, when examined, to be of the greatest utility. Even in a central district of Europe but comparatively a few years ago, an ore of cobalt was broken upon the roads, which has since yielded an annual revenue of many thousand pounds.

Are all the refuse substances flung aside as useless in our workshops, our manufactories, and our dye-houses, to be regarded as worthless, or nearly so? May they not yet be applied to purposes at present little dreamt of, or lead to discoveries replete with use and profit to mankind? Let the blowpipe answer these questions: no one can honestly reply to them for it; and they are at least, should they occasion but a single good result, worth, and well worth, the asking.

The form of blowpipe described at the commencement of this article has the disadvantage of letting the water, arising from the condensed breath after using it for a short time, be blown out into the flame, thereby

* Since this article was written, news have arrived in this country of the serious, and, it was feared, fatal illness of this distinguished philosopher.

causing a certain interruption or inconvenience. This is best remedied by making the blowpipe of two pieces—namely, a long straight tube (from six to eight inches in length, according to the sight of the operator), closed at one end, and rather larger in diameter at that extremity; and a shorter tube or pipe of narrow diameter, and about an inch and a half in length, fitting at right angles into the side of the long tube, by an orifice made for that purpose, at a quarter of an inch from the closed end. If to this we add two little nozzles or jets of platinum, with orifices of different sizes, to fit on to the pointed extremity of the short pipe, as may be required, we shall possess a very perfect instrument. The reason these little jets are made of platinum is, to avoid the necessity of clearing their minute apertures by mechanical means, when they become stopped up by dirt or grease; as in this case we have only to heat them to redness before the point of the blowpipe flame, to render them bright and clean again in an instant—platinum being able to withstand, uninjured, the blast of our most powerful furnaces, and therefore capable of bearing the degree of heat necessary to burn off the carbonised matter; whereas other metals would fuse, or become brittle and oxidised.

Before we can properly understand the results obtained by the blowpipe, we must become acquainted with the nature and properties of the flame to which it is to be applied. Let us take the flame of a common candle as an example, and examine its different parts, and the properties, distinct and unchanging as the laws from which they are derived, which each possesses. If we observe this flame attentively, we shall find it to be composed of three totally different parts—namely, a dark nucleus in the centre, formed by the unconsumed gases which issue from the wick, and which cannot burn for want of air; secondly, a bright luminous cone surrounding the dark internal portion; and lastly, a thin and feebly-luminous mantle enveloping the whole flame, being scarcely visible at the summit or on the sides, but forming at the base a cup-shaped portion of a dark-blue colour. In this outer surface of the flame the gases undergo complete combustion, being abundantly supplied with oxygen from the surrounding air; and it is here that the greatest degree of heat is situated. This fact may be easily exemplified by holding in the flame a thin iron or platinum wire, which will then be found to be coated with carbon or soot in the interior part, whilst it is most strongly heated at the sides or apex; and on removing the wire, the soot will be seen to disappear in passing through the enveloping surface of the flame. On forcing a stream of air, by means of the blowpipe, gently through the flame of a candle in its natural position, the relative situations of its different parts will be entirely altered. The flame itself will be deflected into a horizontal position; and oxygen, before supplied only to its external surface, will be thrown into its very centre, causing the complete combustion of the gases, which burn in the form of a long blue cone, surrounded by a pointed flame of a yellow colour. At the point of this blue cone is concentrated all the heat that before was spread over the entire surface; and the surrounding yellow flame prevents the heat thus concentrated from escaping. All metallic bodies—that is to say, small fragments of such containing oxygen—are, with very few exceptions, soon deprived of it, and reduced to their true metallic state, if they be held just before the point of the blue flame, and entirely within the yellow one. Metallic bodies, on the contrary, if held a little way beyond the flame, and strongly heated, are, with two or three exceptions, as gold and platinum, converted into the state of oxides, losing completely their metallic aspect and properties.

In using the blowpipe, the air must not be forced directly from the lungs, as such would soon exhaust the operator, besides the injurious effect that it might have upon his health; but the mouth must be filled with air, and this suffered to pass very gradually through the instrument, aided by the compression of the muscles

of the cheeks and lips, the operator breathing at the same time through his nostrils. This, which is confessedly rather troublesome at first, is rendered perfectly easy of execution after a few trials; so that, with a little practice, a blast of several minutes' duration may be kept up without the least trouble or fatigue. Substances, when exposed to the flame, are supported on a piece of well-burnt charcoal, or at the end of a thin platinum wire bent into a loop. Otherwise, they are held by a pair of tongs or forceps with platinum points; and occasionally in a narrow glass tube, three or four inches long, and open at both ends; or in one of the same length, but of larger diameter, and closed at one end, so as to form a little flask or test tube.

As it would be impossible to condense within the limits of a single article all the operations and demonstrative experiments capable of being performed by the aid of the blowpipe, and of the simple apparatus with which it is usually accompanied, we shall merely point out, by way of example, the means by which we may render evident, in the most minute portion of any compound, the presence or absence of one or two of the more common substances met with in nature:—

Sulphur occurs most abundantly in nature. It is exported, in its pure state, in vast quantities from Sicily and other volcanic districts; and it is also obtained in some localities by a process of art from certain of its metallic combinations. A great number of the metals of commerce are chiefly extracted from their sulphur compounds—as lead from *galena*, or the native sulphuret; and copper from *copper pyrites*, a compound of sulphur, copper, and iron. Sulphur also, in union with a certain quantity of oxygen, is met with in *gypsum*, consisting of sulphuric acid, lime, and water, from which the plaster of Paris is made; likewise in *alum*, and in numerous other mineral and manufactured productions; amongst the latter, notably (in its pure state) in gunpowder. To detect the presence of sulphur in any body, we have only to mix a small fragment of it with about as much carbonate of soda as will lie on the point of a penknife, and to fuse the compound on a piece of charcoal in the yellow flame; when, if sulphur be present, a dark reddish mass will be obtained, which, moistened and placed on a bright piece of silver (a new coin, for instance), will communicate to it a brown or black stain. This stain is, in reality, a compound of the sulphur with the silver, and is the same as that produced when we eat an egg by means of a silver spoon—all eggs containing a portion of sulphur. The tarnishing which silver undergoes when exposed for any length of time, especially in rooms in which coal fires are burnt as fuel, is also due to a similar formation.

Arsenic is occasionally found in nature in a pure state, which is that of a gray and brittle metal, quickly acquiring a black tarnish on exposure to the atmosphere. That terrible poison, the arsenic or 'white arsenic' of commerce, is a combination of the metal with a certain quantity of oxygen, and is called by chemists 'arsenic acid.' Arsenic is readily detected, and with great certainty, by fusing a small quantity of the substance suspected to contain it with carbonate of soda on charcoal, exposing it alternately to the points of the inner and the outer flame; when, if arsenic be present, copious white fumes will be given off, possessing a most powerful odour of garlic. The metal will emit this odour when heated by itself; but its oxygen combinations require the addition of the soda and the charcoal to reduce them to the metallic state prior to their volatilisation.

Iron compounds are easily detected by the blowpipe, as they become attractable by the magnet after exposure to the yellow flame, and impart an impure green colour to glass of borax, which fades before the outer flame to a pale yellowish tint. The latter process for the detection of iron must be resorted to when but a very small quantity of it is contained in the substance under examination. Reduced on charcoal with carbonate of soda, infusible magnetic grains are obtained.

Cobalt, which is usually found in nature united to sulphur or arsenic, is chiefly used in the arts for the production of a fine blue colour in glass, porcelain, and other manufactured articles. The ores of cobalt come principally from Sweden, Prussia, and Saxony, and serve for the preparation of the 'smalt' of commerce; the metal itself being never extracted from them except in the laboratory of the chemist. When pure, the metal is highly magnetic; but this property is entirely destroyed in it by the admixture of a very small proportion of arsenic. The minutest fragment of any compound containing cobalt, imparts to borax, when fused with it in either part of the flame, a deep beautiful and peculiar blue colour.

As a relief to these technical details, which might be extended so as to embrace the complete range of the elementary substances, we shall conclude with an anecdote, which tends to show in a forcible manner the benefit that may be derived from a knowledge of the method of using the blowpipe in many of the ordinary occurrences of life, and in situations that may happen to us all:—Late in the autumn, three or four years ago, two young engineers (whom we will call Mr Y— and Mr C—), engaged in checking the levels of a projected line of railway extending through Devonshire into Cornwall, were quartered for the night at a miserable little inn—one of the few habitations thinly scattered here and there on the edge of the wild and inhospitable Dartmoor. The day had been cold, wet, and cheerless; and Y—, who had overworked himself, and who was suffering from a severe cold, began to feel really ill, upon which Mr C—, after a hasty meal, sallied forth against the wind and rain to procure some medicine for his friend. As the nearest town, however, was some ten miles distant, he was forced to content himself with bringing home a dose of Epsom salts, which he obtained at the shop of a 'grocer, dealer, and vender of horse and patent medicines'—so ran the emblazoned sign-board—at a little hamlet about two miles from the inn. The shop, moreover, being closed, and the head and chief absent, Mr C— was forced to take the medicine as genuine Epsom salts, upon the *ipse dixit* of a sharp lad, who kept guard with great importance over this heterogeneously-stored emporium. Thus supplied, Mr C— made his way back to the inn; and Y— having swallowed a portion of the bitter compound, they retired to their rooms. But in the middle of the night, imagine the horror of C— to be awakened, and to find Y— standing by his bedside, anxiously inquiring 'if he were sure that it was not poison that he had taken, as he could not sleep for startling dreams, and for the strange sensations that he felt all over him.' To spring from the bed, to procure a light, and to draw from the corner of his carpet-bag the little portable blowpipe case, which he always carried with him, was the work of a few moments; and in less than five minutes, C— had thoroughly convinced himself that the remains of the medicine contained only sulphuric acid, magnesia, and water—these being the true constituents of Epsom salts. In his first nervous agitation on jumping out of bed, visions of arsenious acid, acetate or sugar of lead, and oxalic acid, passed across his mind, the two latter especially, from their external resemblance to Epsom salts; but the rapid experiment, which showed him the presence of sulphuric acid, proved to him at the same time the absence of arsenic and lead; and the taste alone was sufficient to dispel all fears respecting oxalic acid, the absence of which he was also enabled to confirm by a simple and decisive test. Thus reassured, Y— again retired to his bed; and half an hour after, C—, on peeping into his room, had the satisfaction to find him fast asleep.

Now, had C— not possessed the simple knowledge requisite upon this occasion, what would have been the consequences? The inmates of the house must have been aroused, and despatched in various directions in

quest of a medical man, whilst the unfortunate Mr Y— would have been left in all the agonies of suspense, letting the result of his own excited imagination grow more and more into the semblance of a horrible reality, until the effects of fear might have really rendered the visit of the doctor a necessary one.

A TALE OF GOLF.*

On the morning of the 17th August 183—, two native golfers of the famous Dabbieside, in Fife, were seen resting on the brow of the links, and anxiously casting their eyes in the direction of Methill, as if expecting the smoking funnel of the ever-restless St George. Their coats of business were hoisted,† their caps were drawn resolutely over their brows, and they examined with more than common care the knitting of their clubs, the insertion of the lead, and the indentation of the bone.‡ From their capacious pockets they turned out ball after ball with mysterious care,§ and the names of the makers were interchanged with reverential whispers, as they peered into one or two of the most select. At their feet reclined their caddies, grasping each a complete establishment of clubs, and listening with deep respect to the chat of their masters.¶ At last a towering column of smoke announced that the steamer was at hand, while from the end of the bank the flory-boat was plying its way to receive the passengers for Leven. The sportsmen leaped to their feet as the passengers descended the side of the steamer, and an exclamation of 'He's come!' burst from them as they saw a large package of clubs lowered down into the boat. They hastened to the sands to welcome the arrival of the stranger sportsman, who had been sent to dim the glory of Dabbieside; and there, in the stern of the boat, with his arm encircling his instruments of play, did they behold the doughty champion who was backed against the rustic players by some discomfited metropolitans, and who was destined to open the eyes of Dabbieside to its ignorance and vanity in assuming an equality with the clubs south of the Forth.

He was a short, stout-made, sandy-whiskered man; his spectacles not altogether concealing his ferret eyes; his nose short, and ever ready to curl; and his lip compressing itself, as if it were ever bridling up under some slight or insult. He was the ideal of a small pomposity, set off with a finical attention to dress: rings clasped his little fat fingers, and a diamond pin shone in his puffy breast. He surveyed his new brothers on the shore with an air of loftiness, although he must have known them for his intended associates, and cast on the country round a vexed look, as if his friends had compromised his dignity by sending him to a place that appeared so questionable. His stateliness, how-

* A game almost peculiar to Scotland, played on *downs* or *links* near the sea. The links at Dabbieside, on the north shore of the Firth of Forth, are a noted scene of the amusement. A general account of golf is given in the Journal, old series, No. 558.

† For lightness and ease of movement, golfers usually wear a short loose coat, and sometimes this is of a peculiar colour and button, as the uniform of a club.

‡ The chief clubs used in golfing are of wood, loaded with lead, and faced with horn or bone.

§ The object of the game of golf is to strike the ball along the green, and into a small hole, at the smallest possible number of strokes. The ball is composed of leather, stuffed so full of feathers, as to be at once hard and elastic.

¶ The caddie is a servant who carries the bundle of clubs required by the golfer, and who is also in general qualified, by his skill in the game, and his local knowledge, to give directions to his employer.

ever, gave way to rage and abuse when he found that, to get ashore, he must mount on the back of one of the boatmen. There being no alternative, he was horsed amid the smiles of passengers and onlookers—his legs drawn up most ungracefully to save his boots from the brine, and his face, over the shoulder of his carrier, presenting the appearance of the man of the moon in a state of excitement. Arrived at the shore, he was set down with little ceremony, when, unluckily, his first contact with the county of Fife was a seat on the cold wet sand. He was soon put on his legs by his brother sportsmen, whose condolence and jokes were ill calculated to soothe his ruffled feelings; but with a tremendous effort, the high-pressure gentleman readjusted his spectacles, and did assume enough of calmness to look contempt on all around, and discharge an execration at the county of Fife and the insufferable incommodeousness of its conveyances.

The party now moved to the hole from which they were to strike off, the stranger receiving the proposal of a short pause at the public-house of the village with a look of horror. They were here joined by a number of second-rate golf-men—old lovers of the game, who could yet, in despite of rheumatism, follow the rounds—besides a whole troop of ordinary villagers, inspired, if not with a love of golf, at least with an interest in the honour of Dubbieside. The stranger having undone his clubs, round which his red coat was tightly roped—having renounced his handsome green one with gilt anchor buttons, and relinquished it with a sigh, and a shrink of composure to his fate, to the Dubbieside caddie, whom he looked on as a second Caliban—addressed himself to the business of the day. He cast on the ground a 'Gourlay' * white as snow, hard as lead, and elastic as whalebone; and the trembling caddie having, amid the whiz of a shower of novel oaths, teed † it at last to his satisfaction, he seized a club resembling Tam o' Shanter's mare—a supple jade and strang—gave it a few preparatory vibrations; then, assuming the honour of precedence, he addressed his body to his ball, raised his club, and came round with a determined sweep. The missile sped right into a sandy braise, which the generality of players clear with the first stroke; but such a thing will occasionally happen with a good player. So little was thought of it—though the testy stranger glowed like a red herring; and his humour was by no means restored when he saw his partners, after 'licking their loaves,' make their balls fly like skyrockets over the place where he was earthed. Away, however, the crowd moved—principals, caddies, amateurs, clubmakers, lang weavers, and hecklers—the last class of gentlemen having at this time struck for an advance of wages, and being glad of anything about which to occupy themselves. The whole formed a ring round the strange gentleman, who was now to dig his ball out of its firm lodgment of sand. The occasion, the company, the awkwardness of his position, and the consciousness of the want of sympathy in all around, contributed to heighten the angry feelings of the champion: so, darting a glance of fire at one of the hecklers, who remarked, with tipsy gravity, and most offensive familiarity, in allusion to the hapless situation of the ball, that it would require spectacles to find it out, he gave it such an ill-natured and ill-directed whack, that it sunk completely into the regions of night. The hurras of the hecklers, the yells of the boys, the placid laughter of the paralytic old players, who shook upon their sticks, and the quiet condolence of the rival players, which was given in all the offensiveness of broad Scotch diminutives, now nearly threw the mortified stranger into a fit of apoplexy. The ball, however, was declared not playable; and being

dug out by the fingers of the caddie, was thrown back on the green, at the loss of a stroke in counting to its owner. So, reconcentrating his energy, and assuming as much calmness as could be collected from a composition so formed, he aimed at it a well-directed stroke. Unfortunately, at the very instant, a prophetic groan or hem from one of the flax-teasing fraternity gave a wrong turn to the blow, and swept the ill-destined ball into a bunker. ‡ Another cheer for Dubbieside was about to be raised, when the strange gentleman grappled with the obnoxious heckler, and lustily called for a constable. This produced a rush from his companions, who in an instant released him from the clutch of the indignant golfer, around whom he began dancing and sparring, with his jacket and paper-cap doffed, demanding a ring and fair play. But, the honour of the links being at stake, the Dubbieside players laid hands on the shoulders of the rebels, and awed them into civility: so, after a few grumbings, the Dubbieside men having taken their second strokes, which sent their balls far on into safe and beautiful ground, the troop once more moved on. The metropolitan champion was now to strike his fifth stroke, or 'three more,' and the perspiration was seen in beads on his brow, when he came up and beheld his infatuated 'Gourlay' sitting as if in an egg-cup of sand. The more civilised of the idlers felt something like sympathy, and a feeling of commiseration was beginning to steal over the multitude, when the caddie, having given the gentleman the *click* instead of the *iron*, † which he swore was the proper play, the said caddie was unceremoniously deposed with a cuff in the neck that sent him into the sand: the clubs were at the same time wrenched from him by his irate master, who said he would carry them himself. This event did not render the player more cool, or the spectators more indulgent; so, when the ball was jerked from its position, it went slant over the bank to the firm bed of sand on the beach, where it rolled, as on an iron floor, till it reached the water. The flaxmen, swinging arm in arm to the top of the bank, now burst out into a chorus of

'The sea—the sea—the open sea—
I am where I would ever be,' &c.

This was too much. For a moment a sort of stupor seemed to fall on the devoted stranger; but an unearthly calmness and paleness succeeded, as he moved leisurely to the sea, picked up his ball, and put it into his pocket. He had observed the steamer on its return from Largo, and walking leisurely to the flory-boat, which was just going out, he arrived in time to secure his passage. His exit might have been dignified—for even the hecklers remarked that there was something 'no very cannie in his look' when he left the ground, and they did not even venture to cheer—but just as the boat was shoving off, a frenzied-looking woman, running along the beach, made signs for them to stop, and in an instant the mother of the dismissed caddie was in the boat, demanding reparation for the damage done to her laddie. The approach of the obnoxious hecklers to witness this new scene, operated more on the discomfited golfer than the woman's clamour; and a bonus, most disproportionate to the damage, was slipped into the horny fist of the outraged mother, who, suddenly lowering her tone, stood upon the beach his only friend. Yet could she not, as the boat moved off, prevent the flaxmen sending after him their chorus of 'The sea, the sea,' until he was seen to ascend the steamboat and suddenly disappear below.

Who or what he was remains a mystery: his backers never gave his name, or a hint of his profes-

* A ball made by an eminent artist of this name.

† At striking off, the ball is perched by the caddie on a little pile of sand, to make it lie fair to the stroke. This is called *teeing*.

* A sand-pit. When the ball falls into a bunker, a stroke is required to replace it on the green. On golfing ground there is usually a succession of such pitfalls, which the dexterous native players avoid, but which are particularly dangerous to strangers.

† The *click* and *iron* are two clubs with metal heads, one lighter than the other, used in striking the ball from sand or hard ground.

sion. Some imagined him to be a principal Edinburgh clerk; others a half-pay resident in Musselburgh; but what or who he really was, could not be discovered by the most curious inquirer.

SUMNER ON TRUE GLORY.

CHARLES SUMNER, whose essay on War was noticed by us some years ago, has added to his reputation by an address on 'Fame and Glory,' delivered before the literary societies of Amherst College, August 11, 1847, a copy of which, printed at Boston, has just reached us. Mr Sumner's address appears in England at an appropriate time. When a portion of the people, misled by a pretended fear on the score of military defences, would force the country into what would virtually be a war, such a discourse must have a peculiarly useful tendency. Too long has the world been deluded with the glitter and pomp of military array. It is time that the 'fame and glory' usually accorded to warlike exploits were set down at their true value.

We cannot, in these limited pages, follow Mr Sumner through his comprehensive oration; but confining ourselves chiefly to a few prominent points, we shall present, as far as possible, a condensed view of his line of reasoning.

Fame and glory may, for the present purpose, be considered synonymous. They are the expression of a favourable public opinion on certain actions, but any value to be attached to this opinion must depend on the degree of enlightenment and conscientiousness of those who express it. 'In early and barbarous periods, homage is exclusively rendered to achievements of physical strength, chiefly in slaying wild beasts, or human beings who are termed enemies. The feats of Hercules, which fill the fables and mythology of early Greece, were triumphs of brute force. Conqueror of the Nemean lion and the many-headed hydra, strangler of the giant Antaeus, illustrious scavenger of the Augean stables, grand abater of the nuisances of the age in which he lived, he was hailed as a hero, and commemorated as a god. And at a later time honour was still continued to mere muscular strength of arm. One of the most polite and eminent chiefs at the siege of Troy, is distinguished by Homer for the ease with which he hurled a rock, such as could not be lifted even by two strong men in our day. And this was glory in an age which had not yet learned to regard the moral and intellectual nature of man, or that which distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, as the only source of conduct worthy of enlightened renown.'

In after-times, in Greece, glory was gained by expert wrestling and chariot-driving, and contests of this kind, as vulgar as modern horse-racing, were the frequent theme of the Greek poets. Rome did not improve on the Grecian notions of glory. The much-prized crowns of honour were all awarded to the successful soldier. The title to a triumph, that loftiest object of ambition, was determined by the number of enemies destroyed. Founded and perpetuated in military aggression, without a single redeeming instance of justice, the Roman Empire finally sunk under the vengeance which it had provoked. The successful robber was in turn a prey to the spoiler. The same tale may be told of all the nations of the middle ages. The glorification of animal strength and courage was universal. Chivalry was only polished brutality. 'The life of the valiant Copezed, a Spanish knight of high renown, by Lope de Vega, reveals a succession of exploits which were the performances of a brawny porter and a bully. All the passions of a rude nature were gratified at will. San- guinary revenge and inhuman harshness were his honourable pursuit. With a furious blow of his clenched

fist, in the very palace of the emperor at Augsburg, he knocked out the teeth of a heretic—an achievement which was hailed with honour and congratulation by his master, Charles V., and the Duke of Alva. Thus did a Spanish gentleman acquire fame in the sixteenth century.'

The 'glories' of chivalry are matched in states of society which a knight would have affected to despise. 'The North American savage commemorates the chief who is able to hang at the door of his wigwam a heavy string of scalps, the spoils of war. The New Zealander honours the sturdy champion who slays, and then eats, his enemies. The cannibal of the Feejee islands—only recently explored by an expedition from our shores—is praised for his adroitness in lying, for the dozen men he has killed with his own hand, for his triumphant capture in battle of a piece of tapa-cloth attached to a staff, not unlike one of our flags; and when he is dead, his club is placed in his hand, and extended across the breast, to indicate in the next world that the deceased was a chief and a warrior. This is barbarous glory!' But how little does all this differ from the frantic-eagerness of knights to capture the flag of an enemy, or the 'glory' of being commemorated in stone, with the legs crossed, and the body clothed in armour! What a mob of fools mankind have been in all ages and countries!

Carrying his eye over the present condition of society, Mr Sumner admits that a love of fame or glory—that is, a love of approbation carried to an extreme length—is neither immoral nor blameable when directed to those acts which promote human happiness. At the same time, this species of personal ambition 'detracts from the beauty even of good works.' In our opinion, the man who does not do what good is in his power, without regard to human applause, is not entitled to be called great. The popularity to be aimed at, according to the correct definition of Lord Mansfield, is 'that which follows, not that which is run after; it is that popularity which, sooner or later, never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.'

Mr Sumner is next led to draw a comparison between fame derived from the pursuit of peaceful and useful arts, and that from successful war. 'It is from the lips of a successful soldier, cradled in war, the very pink of the false heroism of battle, that we are taught to appreciate the literary fame, which, though less elevated than that derived from disinterested acts of beneficence, is yet truer and more permanent far than any bloody glory. I allude to Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, who has attracted perhaps a larger share of romantic interest than any of the gallant generals in English history. We behold him, yet young in years, at the head of an adventurous expedition, destined to prostrate the French empire in Canada—guiding and encouraging the firmness of his troops in unaccustomed difficulties—awakening their personal attachment by his kindly suavity, and their ardour by his own example—climbing the precipitous steeps which conduct to the heights of the strongest fortress of the American continent—there, under its walls, joining in deadly conflict—wounded—stretched upon the field—faint with the loss of blood—with sight already dimmed—his life ebbing fast—cheered at last by the sudden cry, that the enemy is fleeing in all directions—and then his dying breath mingling with the shouts of victory. An eminent artist has portrayed this scene of death in a much-admired picture. History and poetry have dwelt upon it with peculiar fondness. Such is the glory of arms! But there is, happily, preserved to us a tradition of an incident of this day, which affords a gleam of a truer glory. As the commander floated down the currents of the St Lawrence in his boat, under cover of the night, in the enforced silence of a military expedition, in order to effect his landing at an opportune promontory, he was heard to repeat to himself that poem of exquisite charms—then only recently given to mankind, now familiar as a household word wherever the mother-tongue of Gray is spoken—the "Elegy in a

Country Churchyard." Strange and unaccustomed prelude to the discord of battle! And as the ambitious warrior finished the recitation, he said to his companions, in a low but earnest tone, that he "would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec." And surely he was right. The glory of that victory is already dying out, like a candle in its socket: the true glory of the poem still shines with star-bright immortal beauty.' How might this comparison be extended!

Of military prowess, in reference to fame, Mr Sumner entertains but a poor opinion. Animal courage, on which military ardour is based, is exhibited in a greater degree among some of the inferior tribes of creatures. 'Courage,' he says, 'becomes a virtue when exercised in obedience to the higher sentiments—to promote justice and benevolence by Christian means. It is of a humbler character if these objects are promoted by force, or that part of our nature which we have in common with beasts. It is unquestionably a vice when, divorced from justice and benevolence, it lends itself to the passion for wealth, for power, or glory.'

The question, however, may be put—Is there no difference between the defenders of their country from unjust invasion, and those who fight aggressively? No doubt those who die in repelling violence are worthy of cordial sympathy; but the strife is to be regarded 'only as a token of the dishonourable barbarism of the age—like the cannibalism of an earlier period, or the slavery of our own day.' Every considerate person must join in regarding war as an unchristian institution, and at best 'a melancholy necessity, offensive in the sight of God, hostile to the best interests of men.'

Unfortunately, there can be little hope of seeing war and warlike preparation abated as long as jealousies and rivalries are maintained between neighbouring nations; and we might almost venture to say, that if half the pains were taken to cultivate a good understanding among the people of contiguous countries, that is employed to raise mutual distrust, even defensive wars would be unknown. No pains of this kind, however, are ever taken. The people of one country remain in ignorance of the people of another, and by the entanglements of diplomacy, as well as by the manoeuvres of those who make war a trade, are too easily brought into collision. Glory gained in battles which are so brought about, can be spoken of only with loathing and detestation.

We close our paper with the following passages, which seem to us to possess the character of true oratory.

'God only is great! is the admired and triumphant exclamation with which Massillon commences his funeral discourse on the deceased monarch of France, called in his own age *Louis the Great*. It is in the attributes of God that we are to find the elements of true greatness. Man is great by the godlike qualities of justice, benevolence, knowledge, and power: and as justice and benevolence are higher than knowledge and power, so are the just and benevolent higher than those who are intelligent and powerful only. Should all these qualities auspiciously concur in one person on earth, then we might look to behold a mortal supremely endowed reflecting the image of his Maker. But even knowledge and power, without those higher attributes, cannot constitute greatness. It is by his goodness that God is most truly known; so also is the great man. When Moses said unto the Lord, "Show me thy glory," the Lord said, "I will make all my goodness pass before thee." It will be easy now to distinguish between those who are merely memorable in the world's annals, and those who are truly great. If we pass in review the historic names to whom flattery, or a false appreciation of character, has expressly awarded this title, we shall find its grievous inaptitude. Alexander, drunk with victory and with wine, whose remains, at the early age of thirty-two, were borne on a golden car through conquered Asia, was not truly great; Cæsar, the ravager of distant lands, and the trampler upon the liberties of

his own country, with an unsurpassed combination of intelligence and power, was not truly great; Louis XIV. of France, the magnificent spendthrift monarch, prodigal of treasure and of blood, and panting for renown, was not truly great; Peter of Russia, the organiser of the material prosperity of his country, the murderer of his own son, despotic, inexorable, unnatural, vulgar, was not truly great; Frederic of Prussia, the heartless and consummate general, skilled in the barbarous art of war, who played the game of robbery with "human lives for dice," was not truly great. Surely there is no Christian grandeur in their careers?

'There is another and a higher company, who thought little of praise or power, but whose lives shine before men with those good works which truly glorify their authors. There is Milton, poor and blind, but "bating not a jot of heart or hope"—in an age of ignorance, the friend of education—in an age of servility and vice, the pure and uncontaminated friend of freedom—tuning his harp to those magnificent melodies which angels might stoop to hear—confessing his supreme duties to humanity in words of simplicity and power. "I am long since persuaded," was his declaration, "that to say or do aught worth memory and imitation, no purpose or respect should sooner move us than love of God and mankind." There is Vincent de St Paul of France, once in captivity in Algiers: obtaining his freedom by a happy escape, this fugitive slave devoted himself with divine success to labours of Christian benevolence, to the establishment of hospitals, to visiting those who were in prison, to the spread of amity and peace. There is Howard, the benefactor of those on whom the world has placed its brand, whose charity—like that of the Frenchman, inspired by the single desire of doing good—penetrated the gloom of the dungeon, as with angelic presence. And lastly, there is Clarkson, who, while yet a pupil of the university, commenced those lifelong labours against slavery and the slave-trade which have embalmed his memory. Writing an essay on the subject as a college exercise, his soul warmed with the task, and at a period when even the horrors of the middle passage had not excited condemnation, he entered the lists, the stripling champion of the right.'

'Taking an example from these instances of true glory, let us reverse the very poles of the worship of past ages. Men have thus far bowed down before stocks, stones, insects, crocodiles, golden calves—graven images, often of cunning workmanship, wrought with Phidian skill, of ivory, of ebony, of marble—but all false gods. Let them worship in future the true God, our Father as he is in heaven, and in the beneficent labours of his children on earth. Then farewell to the Syren song of a worldly ambition! Farewell to the vain desire of mere literary success or oratorical display! Farewell to the distempered longings for office! Farewell to the dismal, blood-red phantom of martial renown! Fame and glory may then continue, as in times past, the reflection of public opinion; but of an opinion, sure and steadfast, without change or fickleness, enlightened by those two suns of Christian truth—love to God and love to man. From the serene illumination of these duties, all the forms of selfishness shall retreat, like evil spirits at the dawn of day. Then shall the happiness of the poor and lowly, and the education of the ignorant, have uncounted friends. The cause of those who are in prison shall find fresh voices, the majesty of peace other vindicators, the sufferings of the slave new and gushing floods of sympathy. Then, at last, shall the brotherhood of mankind stand confessed—ever filling the souls of all with a more generous life—ever prompting to deeds of beneficence—conquering the heathen prejudices of country, colour, and race—guiding the judgment of the historian—animating the verse of the poet and the eloquence of the orator—ennobling human thought and conduct, and inspiring those good works by which alone we may attain to the heights of true glory. Good works!

such, even now, is the heavenly ladder on which angels are ascending and descending, while weary humanity, on pillows of stone, slumbers heavily at its feet.'

INDIAN EXPERTNESS.

The natives of India have for ages been noted for their extraordinary personal activity and ingenuity—qualities which fit them for being the most expert thieves and jugglers in the world. The performances of London or Parisian freebooters sink to nothing in comparison with the daring feats of the Dacoits of Hindostan, from whom in all probability the wandering gipsies of Europe drew their origin. The stories told of Dacoits are almost too marvellous to be credited. When sleeping in your tent, the experienced Dacoit will not scruple to burrow in the earth, in order to obtain an entrance, unseen by the sentinel at the door; or swimming down the river in the night, his head covered with an earthen vessel, he will glide unnoticed under the windows of your budgerow, and noiselessly creeping in at the window, make off with everything you have, while you and your family are indulging in a pleasant nap; and finally, when caught and condemned to death, he will walk straight up to a piece of artillery, and pressing his chest against its muzzle, allow himself, without a struggle, or even a look of regret, to be blown into atoms—a death inflicted in the field on Dacoits and other marauders.

One would think that the Hindoo must have a constitutional aptitude for theft, his body is so slim, yet so muscular, his motions so snake-like, his agility so astonishing. In fact, after a little practice, he is like a man made of India-rubber, and seems to proceed without the slightest reference to the fragility of any part of his frame. Mr Fane tells us that, at Delhi, he saw several fellows jumping sheer down into a well ninety feet deep, in pursuit of a rupee thrown in to tempt them. There was a slanting passage on the opposite side, by which they got out again; but the perpendicular plunge was the feat expected, and this they performed again and again with the utmost readiness, men and boys rushing in emulation, each anxious to be the first to spring into the abyss after the prize.

Mr Tennant supposes that the superiority of the Hindoos in feats of agility and legerdemain arises from their pursuing these arts as a distinct and constant (and he might have added hereditary) profession. However this may be, he tells us that their doings surpass all credibility. In balancing, for instance, which is an effort of skill without the possibility of deception, a man frequently places five of the common earthenware water-pots, one over the other, upon his head, and a girl climbing to the uppermost, he dances with this extraordinary coiffure round the field. On another occasion, 'the same person balances a pole of sixteen feet long, the bottom of which is fixed into a thick cotton sash or girdle; another man gets upon his back, and from thence runs up the pole, his hands aiding his feet, with the nimbleness of a squirrel. He then proceeds first to extend himself on the pole upon his belly, and then upon his back, his legs and arms both times spread out. He next throws himself horizontally from the pole, which is all the while balanced on the girdle, holding only by his arms. This attitude among the tumblers is called the flag. Thirdly, he stands upon his head on the top of the pole, holding below the summit with his hands. Finally, he throws himself from this last position backwards down the pole, holding by his hands, then turns over again, holding by his feet; and this is repeated over and over till he reaches the ground. These, and a thousand other feats, constitute the amusement of the idle and the subsistence of a numerous class of strollers.'

The most beautiful of all the feats performed by Indian jugglers, is the well known tossing of six balls, which are sustained in the air, or made to revolve round the head, by a dexterous and gentle touch of the hand. This is anything but an unintellectual exhibition. There is in it no pretension to legerdemain, no

deception of the eyes. It is a feat of honest skill, and to the thoughtful is philosophically curious. It demonstrates an extraordinary calculation as to keeping time, and shows perhaps more than anything else the power of concentrating the mind on a single subject of thought. We feel assured that the mountebank who can perform the clever manoeuvre of making half-a-dozen balls spin round his person, possesses a capacity which, well-directed, might lead to much higher things.

It is unfortunate, from the state of society in India, that personal expertness should so much take a furtive direction. Dacoitism may be said to be carried the length of a science, for in its higher professors it disdains theft on a mean or bungling scale of operation. Colonel Davidson mentions the case of a Dacoit who had stolen a man's garments from under his head, severing with a knife a part of the article which was either entangled or purposely fastened to the pillow. 'This,' says he, 'was a mere bungler, and I am persuaded, an apprentice without experience or talent. The scientific mode is well known: when it is necessary to make a sleeping man turn on his other side, you tickle his opposite ear with a straw till he obeys, and then a dexterous pull secures the booty. It is in this way that many excellent English gentlemen awake in the morning without mattress, blanket, or sheet either above or below them; having at the same time a favourite terrier asleep under their beds, and a pair of detonating pistols under their pillows.'

Broughton describes a less 'clumsy' theft committed in the Mahratta camp, of which he gives a lifelike picture. A tent was entered in which fourteen men were sleeping, two of them at the door with drawn swords by their sides. The thieves, nothing daunted by the crowd, made use of the swords to cut their way into the tent, and picking their steps among the sleepers, possessed themselves of the property they coveted. On another occasion, one of the maha-rajah's finest horses was carried off by a fellow, who, observing the rider dismount, and give the bridle into the hands of the attendant, darted forward, severed the reins with his sword, and galloped off in an instant.

The following instance of Dacoitism, illustrative of our subject, was related to us by a gentleman long resident in India:—

General S—, who considered himself able to out-manoeuvre any Dacoit in Bengal, had given orders to pursue and bring before him a thief whose misdeemeanours had warranted the severest punishment. The poor Dacoit was caught and brought up for examination. He was a fine specimen of the East Indian race. Of a clear brown, every feature of the most perfect mould, and with a form of exquisite symmetry and proportion, he now stood, nothing daunted, before the chief whose breath was to decide his fate.

'You are a Dacoit?'

'I am.'

'You are aware that the crimes you have been guilty of are punishable by death?'

'If such be my *nusseed* (destiny), I am prepared to meet it.'

'Would you avoid it?'

'Decidedly.'

'Well, then, listen. Scarcely a night passes that several of our cavalry horses are not stolen. In spite of our constant vigilance, in spite of sentinels, and every other precaution, they are carried off. Do you know how this is effected?'

'I do.'

'Well, then, on one condition your life shall be spared: show us the mode in which these extraordinary robberies are committed, and I will not only set you free, but give you one hundred rupees.'

The Dacoit almost sneered at the offer of the bribe; but after a moment's pause, he replied, 'I am ready.'

'Bravo!' cried S—, well pleased. 'Now we'll get at the secret. Let the captains and officers commanding troops be ordered instantly to attend at my stable tent

to see the trick, and be able to guard against it. Desire two cavalry soldiers and two grooms also to be there; and let them make haste, for I am all impatience to see the feat performed.'

In a quarter of an hour all was prepared. A very spirited and valuable horse of the general's was selected for the trial, one that allowed none save his master or his feeder to approach him. But the robber rather exulted in this, as he declared it would the better display his dexterity.

In the first place, the horse was tethered, as all cavalry horses in the field in India are, beneath an open tent, his fore legs being each made fast by a rope to a staple in the ground. The hind legs were similarly secured. A groom lay on one side of him, a grass-cutter (forager) on the other. The soldier to whom he was supposed to belong was stretched immediately behind him, and another very near, with orders that if they could in any way detect, by noise or touch, the tread of the robber, they were instantly to start up and seize him. Till then, they were to close their eyes and affect to sleep.

The Dacoit, on the other hand, threw himself on the grass, and, like a snake, crawled up to the first guard, and lay quietly beside him for a moment, to ascertain if he were asleep; then gently rising over him, he crept between the groom and the horse, till he actually lay beneath the spirited animal, which, extraordinary to say, never attempted to stir. With the greatest nicety he undid one of the hind tethers, or spancills, then one of the fore; then he paused a while, and the horse stirred not. He then undid, with great care and nicety, the other two, and creeping out between his fore legs, managed to substitute a native bridle for the head-stall. The spectators were lost in admiration, particularly the old general, whose praise was unbounded. But still the most difficult part of the task remained to be done—namely, to get the horse away. This was effected by turning him round. The Dacoit now quickly raised himself up by his arms, and the next moment was on the animal's back. Then walking him up to his supposed guard, the horse stepped over his legs, which were close together, and in the next instant he stood clear of all impediment, when the ingenious rider struck both his heels into him, and set off down the lines in a hand gallop.

General S— was pleased beyond expression with the man's address; and though he hardly knew how to guard against such expert thieves, yet he now saw the modes employed by the robbers, and it might be possible to invent some means to thwart them.

In the meantime the adroit native had arrived at the extreme outskirts of the camp, when the general, who began to think he had shown them enough of his skill, called on him to come back. 'None are so deaf as those who will not hear.' From that moment to the hour of his death, the worthy commander never saw his favourite charger, and what was still worse, he was ever afterwards bound to blush at his own simplicity whenever the word 'Dacoit' was mentioned in his presence.

Numerous villages in Central India are entirely peopled by Dacoits, who carry their depredations westward to the banks of the Indus, and southward to Bombay and Madras. In our own territories, Colonel Sleeman says there are likewise whole colonies of them, a thousand such families being located in the Upper Doab alone. The landholders and police officers frequently make large fortunes by their share of the spoil; and thus robbery is a very safe business when carried on at some distance from home. But independently of the venality of the functionaries, it is extremely difficult—in some cases impossible—to get witnesses to appear; and this state of things must continue till the meshes of justice are drawn closer, and men are not ruined by the loss of time attending a prosecution. Till then, the wonderful ingenuity of a considerable portion of the Hindoos must continue to be turned towards the

arts of knavery, instead of enriching their country by such masterpieces of industry as the famous muslims of Dacca, which have not yet been surpassed even by the science of Europe.

EARLY NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENTS.

A SCRAP of the advertising sheet of a newspaper, some thirty or forty years old, happening to fall into our hands the other day, afforded considerable amusement, and gave birth to the idea, that if the investigation were pushed a little beyond this date, it might prove productive of several curious facts. Full of this conception, we repaired to the British Museum, and were very shortly seated at a table surrounded with a mountain of dusty folios. We were soon immersed in the mass, and aged 'Diurnals,' venerable 'Intelligencers,' 'Mercuries' yellow and grim, and hoary old 'Gazettes,' underwent a careful scrutiny. As some of these patriarchs were in their one hundred and eightieth year, it may be readily conjectured they supplied a very queer sort of literary repast. Engaged in this pursuit, we may be said to have witnessed the very birth of that prolific monster whose many-membered body now occupies so large a share of public attention. We have seen the hydra when it was a bantling with only one head. It was no very arduous undertaking to find the first advertisement; but to trace the gradual development of form, and feature, and numerical strength, was a labour for a literary Hercules, and by no means to be undertaken by any one who could not spend a year or two on the subject. We therefore confess that, after gleaming a few curiosities, we consigned the huge mass back to its dusty vaults again; and believing that some of the information we derived may interest many of our readers, we beg to present them with this article as the result of our short dive into a sea of newspapers of the past and part of the preceding century.

We believe that the first advertisement discoverable in any newspaper is one which refers to the theft of two horses. It is contained in an early number of a paper called the 'Impartial Intelligencer,' published in the year 1648, and consequently now (1848) exactly two centuries old. It was inserted by a gentleman of Candish, in Suffolk. After this, these notifications were very few and far between for several years, until we approach the era of the 'London Gazette.' Here, for some time, they assumed no very definite form, consisting merely of a short official notice in italics at the end of each Gazette, and not headed with the title 'Advertisement.' One of the first called by this name—in this paper, that is to say—is contained in the number for May 6, 1667. It is sufficiently remarkable to deserve resuscitation, and runs thus:—

'AN ADVERTISEMENT.

'We are, by his majesty's command, to give notice that, by reason of the great heats which are growing on, there will be no further touching for the evil till Michaelmas next, and accordingly all persons concerned are to forbear their addresses till that time!'

This remarkable advertisement, which, so far as we know, has escaped the notice of historical writers, is repeated in four or five subsequent Gazettes, after which it disappears, to the extent of our search, never to reappear again. The value of the newspaper as an advertising medium was now beginning to be felt. Persons who had lost their dogs or other property began to give notice thereof in the tailpiece of the last column of the Gazette. The Duke of Albemarle appears to have been particularly unfortunate, for his advertisements appear four or five times—once for 'A white greyhound dog with red cheeks, intelligence to be brought to the Duke of Albemarle's porter at the Cockpit.' The Prince Rupert was equally unfortunate. Felonies of this nature appear to have been of great frequency, and even the royal stables and falconry were not secure.

Advertisements were now to be directed to another object than the mere proclamation of missing property, or of official notices. A far-sighted gentleman, by name

'Egbertus Wills, of the city of Utrecht,' informs the public that he is 'skilful in the cure of crookedness, and other defects of the body.' Such is the modest commencement of the present foul disgrace of a portion of the public press—quack advertisements! This was like the 'letting forth of waters.' Commercial advertising now took origin, and gained strength. We believe an enterprising tobacconist makes one of the first *entrées* as an advertiser in this character. This was a Mr 'James Norcock, snuffmaker and perfumer,' whose sign was the harmonious union implied in the 'jessamine tree and snuffing gentleman,' and who professed to sell 'all sorts of snuffs, Spanish and Italian; and also the best Spanish lozenges and cashen to be eaten, and all sorts of rare Spanish perfumes.' Auctioneers follow Mr Norcock's train, of whose unpretending announcements the following is a fair sample:—'On the fifteenth day of March next (1684) will be exposed to sale by the candle, two elephants, male and female.' Other advertisements state 'by inch of candle;' from which it will readily be understood that the bidding commenced with the lighting, and terminated with the consumption, of 'the inch of candle,' a method suited to the sober spirit of those times. If more prodigal of time, auctioneers were more frugal of their words in those days than in our own. Let the following pithy announcement shock any Mr Robins as it may, we shall not withhold it, but declare how that a 'splendid site,' an 'advantageous investment for capital,' a 'magnificent property,' was actually advertised in two lines, containing two sentences:—'The bowling-green in Southwark Park is to be let to build upon; inquire there, and you may know farther.' From there being but one, and that only an occasional advertisement, in the 'Gazette' at its commencement, thirty years later, ten or a dozen appear in each journal. Scattered through them occur a number and variety of advertisements about runaway servants, in the description of whose persons we are sometimes informed that they 'wore their own hair.'

With the commencement of the eighteenth century, the genius of advertising had attained a considerable development, and the general character of the advertisements resembled in many respects that of the present time. They related to the wants, and luxuries, and diseases of mankind; and these, with but little variation, remain the same from century to century. At this time quack advertising, with the strength of a poisonous weed, overtopped all the rest in effrontery, immodesty, and extent. Some of these announcements indulge in all the romantic hyperbole commonly accepted and disbelieved in our own age. A medicine known as 'Scots' pills' reaches, we believe, the greatest age among them. It is the Methuselah of the lot. A brother patriarch is Dr Benjamin Godfrey's miraculous elixir or cordial. There was even in the seventeenth century, towards its close, a famous anti-doloric oil, which administered instant ease to the excruciations of gout and rheumatism, and was avowed to be 'likewise excellent for all old aches, pains, bruises, strains, stiffness, palsy, &c.' Next to these were Major John Choke's 'Incomparable necklaces for the easement of children in cutting their teeth.' We should have thought Major Choke's name quite sufficient. The king of France, however, was of a different opinion; for all his four children accomplished their dentition, to the immortal glory of Major Choke, solely by the preternatural aid they received from these invaluable ornaments. But greater miracles were in reserve for the healing art than even these. The original edition of the 'Spectator' for July 2, 1712, contains a notice which we shall abbreviate:—'Loss of memory or forgetfulness certainly cured by a grateful electuary peculiarly adapted to that end. It makes the head clear and easy, the spirits free, active, and undisturbed, and revives all the noble faculties of the soul, enabling those whose memory had been totally lost (!) to remember the minutest circumstance of their affairs to a wonder!' Another, which appeared in the same sheet, was an 'Admirable confection which assuredly cures *stuttering* and *stammering* in children and grown persons.' Its stupendous powers were

retailed at the insignificant sum of half-a-crown a pot. No fewer than sixteen quack advertisements, of ten or twelve lines each, appear in the 'Craftsman' for 1780, occupying the whole of the last side of that paper. Omitting all notice of the offensive ones, it may amuse to quote the titles of a few others. There was the 'Julapium Ashmaticum' for broken-winded men, in proximity to 'The Infallible Remedy for Broken-winded Horses;' 'The Great Elixir;' 'Famous for the Vapours;' 'Angelick Snuff'—for human angels, we presume; and a sly advertisement, something after the modern style, headed—'In consequence of the daily disturbance in churches by coughing, the original inestimable angelick electuary' is strongly recommended for the public good. Advertising perfumers were not wanting to flatter the vanity of these old times. There were creators of artificial beauty in the seventeenth century, and they abound in the nineteenth. If there was not a 'Kalydor,' there was a 'Britannic Beautifier,' we have not the smallest doubt of equal efficacy. If there was no wonder-working 'Curling fluid,' there was the incomparable 'White water to curl gentlemen's hair.' Even old *wigs* that look scandalous, after a simple application of that liquid, would curl as freshly and as stiffly as if they had just left the hands of the *perruquier*. Instead of advertising from 'kings' palaces' and plate-glass groves, the barbers of those times, utterly innocent of such circumlocutions as are at present in vogue, spoke out in the following right-down language:—'This is to acquaint gentlemen and others that there is a fresh parcel of perukes of all sorts, Bobs, Tyes, and Naturals, that the maker will warrant to be made of the true human English hairs.'

We believe that the following advertisements relate to a species of insurance which will be new to many of our readers. In the 'British Apollo' for 1710 is the following notice:—'A first and second claim is made at the office of Assurance on Marriage in Roll Court, Fleet Street. The first will be paid on Saturday next; wherefore all persons concerned are desired to pay two shillings into the joint-stock, pursuant to the articles, or they will be excluded. The two claimants married each other, and have paid but two shillings each.' Yet they were to receive L.37. This advertisement may receive its explanation in another:—'Any person, by paying two shillings at their entrance for a policy and stamps, and two shillings towards each marriage until their own, when (the number is) full, will secure to themselves L.200, and in the meantime, in proportion to the number of subscribers.' So well did this speculation answer, that three offices shortly opened in the same line, one of which had its appropriate situation in *Petticoat Lane*. These examples excited the ingenuity of others; and we shortly light upon an advertisement from an office of insurance upon baptism. In this case persons were to pay two shillings and sixpence towards each infant baptised until their own. If the list was full, they could then receive L.200: 'the interest of which is sufficient,' says the advertisement, 'to give a child a good education, and the principal reserved until it comes to maturity.' There is no doubt that many of these projects were wholesale systems of robbery. For a time, however, they were greedily run after.

Many of the advertisements of the public amusements are diverting. There was the 'famous water-theatre of the late ingenious Mr Winstanley,' the architect of one of the Eddystone lighthouses, 'wherein is shown the greatest curiosities in waterworks—the like was never performed by any. Sea-gods and goddesses, nymphs, mermaids, and satyrs, all playing water as suitable, and some of them fire, mingled with water; and the barrel that plays so many liquors is broke to pieces before the spectators.' Next were the performances of a wonderful posture-master, who offered the attractions of 'extending his body into all deformed shapes—making his hip and shoulder meet together,' and half twisting his neck off. Mr Fawkes's theatre near the Haymarket was another favourite resort, where he presented the following entertainments:—He caused a tree to grow up in a flower-pot on the table, which would blow and bear ripe fruit in a

minute's time; besides which were his famous little posture-master, musical clocks, Venetian automata, and sea-pieces with *naumachia*. The advertisement of one of the theatres—we are half afraid it is a hoax, yet it occurs, we believe, in the 'Daily Advertiser'—states that the performances are in honour of the presence of 'Adomo Oro-nooko Tomo, sent to see the kingdom of Great Britain by the Great Trudo, Audato, Poresaw, Danjer, Eujo Sureveto, king of Dawhomay.' His highness was to be amused with the humours of Sir John Falstaff, altered from Shak-speare. Near Charing-cross was an exhibition advertised of a little man 32 years old, and 36 inches high, with his wife of the same age, and under 36 inches, and a little horse 24 inches high, and a satyr that had a head like a child.

Charging for advertising commenced at a very early period. A few might at first have been inserted gratuitously, but the revenue flowing from this source was so obvious a consideration, that the practice soon began of charging a fixed sum for each. In the 'Mercurius Librarian,' a bookseller's paper, it is stated that, 'To show that the publishers design the public advantage of trade, they will expect but sixpence for inserting any book, nor but twelve pence for any other advertisement, relating to the trade, unless it be excessive long.' The next intimation of price is in the 'Jockey's Intelligencer,' which charged a shilling for each, and sixpence for renewing. The 'Observer,' in 1704, charged a shilling for eight lines; and the 'Country Gentleman's Courant,' in 1706, inserted advertisements at twopence a line. The 'Public Advertiser' charged for a length of time two shillings for each insertion.

It has not often been our lot to engage in a diversion which has suggested so many solemn and mournful thoughts as this. We have heard the very voices of the past speaking to us. A century and a half has been living before our eyes—where are they now!—their passions, pleasures, wants, amusements, eccentricities, wisdom, and folly, hushed in the cold silence of the unsparring tomb. Surely said the preacher, 'Vanity of vanities—all is vanity.' We began our paper in mirth, we are constrained to end it with a touch of gravity.

THE COMMON NETTLE.

One of the plants which follow the footsteps of man, and which often indicates by its presence the situations on which cottages stood in some of the now thinly-peopled or deserted Highland glens. Thus, while proprietors of the soil, in their desire to have the exclusive use of large tracts of country, whether for sheep or for deer, make clearances of Highland glens, and endeavour to get rid of all vestiges of the peasantry who inhabited them, and 'lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth,' there springs up in the wild waste a plant, which marks the cottage sites as hallowed ground, and tells of the deed to future generations. The occurrence of nettles in neglected gardens and fortresses was a subject of observation in times long gone by. Thus Solomon, when speaking of the field of the slothful and the vineyard of the man void of understanding, remarks that 'nettles had covered the face thereof;' and the Prophet Isaiah, when alluding to the desolation which shall come on the enemies of God's people, says, 'Thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof.'—*Bass Rock*.

LAUGHTER.

'Laugh and grow fat,' is an old adage; and Sterne tells us that every time a man laughs he adds something to his life. An eccentric philosopher of the last century used to say that he liked not only to laugh himself, but to see laughter and hear laughter. Laughter is good for health; it is a provocative to the appetite, and a friend to digestion. Dr Sydenham said the arrival of a merry-andrew in a town was more beneficial to the health of the inhabitants than twenty asses loaded with medicine. Mr Pott, a celebrated surgeon, used to say that he never saw the 'Tailor riding to Brentford' without feeling better for a week afterwards.

MY CHILDHOOD'S TUNE.

[This exquisite piece is from a little volume recently published, entitled 'Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems, by Frances Brown.' We select it for extract, not only on account of the merit of the verses themselves, but because they convey a good idea of the beauty, gentleness, and grace which characterise the volume generally. Miss Brown is almost wholly blind—a circumstance which lends an interest to her poems, independent of that commanded by her genius.]

And hast thou found my soul again,
Though many a shadowy year hath past
Across its chequered path since when
I heard thy low notes last?

They come with the old pleasant sound,
Long silent, but remembered soon—
With all the fresh green memories wound
About my childhood's tune!

I left thee far among the flowers
My hand shall seek as wealth no more—
The lost light of those morning hours
No sunrise can restore.

And life hath many an early cloud
That darkens as it nears the noon—
But all their broken rainbows crowd
Back with my childhood's tune!

Thou hast the whisper of young leaves
That told my heart of spring begun,
The bird's song by our hamlet eaves
Poured to the setting sun—

And voices heard, how long ago,
By winter's hearth or autumn's moon!—
They have grown old and altered now—
All but my childhood's tune!

At our last meeting, Time had much
To teach, and I to learn; for then
Mine was a trusting wisdom—such
As will not come again.

I had not seen life's harvest fade
Before me in the days of June;
But thou—how hath the spring-time stayed
With thee, my childhood's tune!

I had not learned that love, which seemed
So priceless, might be poor and cold;
Nor found whom once I angels deemed
Of coarse and common mould.

I knew not that the world's hard gold
Could far outweigh the heart's best boon;
And yet thou speakest as of old—
My childhood's pleasant tune!

I greet thee as the dove that crossed
My path among Time's breaking waves,
With olive leaves of memory lost,
Or shed, perchance, on graves.

The tree hath grown up wild and rank,
With blighted boughs that time may prune—
But blessed were the dew-drops drank
From thee—my childhood's tune!

Where rose the stranger city's hum,
By many a princely mart and dome,
Thou comest—even as voices come,
To hearts that have no home.

A simple strain to other ears,
And lost amid the tumult soon;
But dreams of love, and truth, and tears,
Came with my childhood's tune!

DOMESTIC DUTIES.

Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left to myself—that is, for my studies; for on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants; all of which things I number among the duties of life. Since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must, by every means in his power, strive to render himself more agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he has himself chosen.—*Sir Thomas More*.

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